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RECENT TRANSLATIONS OF THE CLASSICS

(Especially in the Loeb Classical Library)

(Concluded from pages 147, 154, 162)

In the Loeb Classical Library, again, appeared a translation of Livy 1-2, by Professor B. O. Foster, of Stanford University (the first of thirteen volumes). The Introduction (ix-xxxi) deals well with Livy's life, his work, his style. The basic text adopted is that by Conway and Walters (Oxford Classical Text Series, 1914). There is room for just one specimen of Professor Foster's renderings—his version of 1.29 (the destruction of Alba Longa):

While this was going on, horsemen had already been sent on to Alba to fetch the inhabitants to Rome, and afterwards the legions were marched over to demolish the city. When they entered the gates there was not, indeed, the tumult and panic which usually follow the capture of a city, when its gates have been forced or its walls breached with a ram or its stronghold stormed, when the shouts of the enemy and the rush of armed men through the streets throw the whole town into a wild confusion of blood and fire. But at Alba oppressive silence and grief that found no words quite overwhelmed the spirits of all the people; too dismayed to think what they should take with them and what leave behind, they would ask each other's advice again and again, now standing on their thresholds, and now roaming aimlessly through the houses they were to look upon for that last time. But when at length the horsemen began to be urgent, and clamorously commanded them to come out; when they could now hear the crash of the buildings which were being pulled down in the outskirts of the city; when the dust rising in different quarters had overcast the sky like a gathering cloud; then everybody made haste to carry out what he could, and forth they went, abandoning their lares and penates, and the houses where they had been born and brought up. And now the streets were filled with an unbroken procession of emigrants, whose mutual pity, as they gazed at one another, caused their tears to start afresh; plaintive cries too began to be heard, proceeding chiefly from the women, when they passed the venerable temples beset by armed men, and left in captivity, as it seemed to them, their gods. When the Albans had quitted the city, the Romans everywhere levelled with the ground all buildings, both public and private, and a single hour gave over to destruction and desolation the work of the four hundred years during which Alba had stood. But the temples of the gods were spared, for so the king had decreed.

In the Loeb Classical Library also appeared the first half of a translation of Martial, by Mr. Walter C. A. Ker, who is described on the title page as "Sometime Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, of the Inner

Temple, Barrister at Law". The text used is that seen in the Corpus Poetarum Latinorum (London, George Bell and Sons, 1905), not that of W. M. Lindsay (Oxford Classical Text Series, 1902). There are various oddities in this book. The familiar name Friedländer appears repeatedly as "Friedlander". The translator knows nothing, apparently, of American work on Martial, e. g. the edition of Selected Epigrams of Martial, by Professor Edwin Post (Ginn and Company, 1908), and Professor Paul Nixon's book, A Roman Wit (Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911). He might have referred with profit to Professor Nixon's paper, Herrick and Martial, in Classical Philology 5 (1910), 189-202. He ignores, too, some work by English scholars, e. g. the chapter on Martial in H. E. Butler, Post-Augustan Poetry from Seneca to Juvenal (Oxford University Press, 1909. See pp. 251-286).

Mr. Ker is in many ways an enthusiastic admirer of Martial (compare especially the closing paragraph of the Introduction, xviii). He explains, but of course does not excuse, Martial's indecency (xv-xvi); he condemns Martial's adulation of Domitian as insincere (xvi-xvii).

Mr. Ker's plan is to translate all the Epigrams; on page xvi, n. 3, he says:

All epigrams possible of translation by the use of dashes or paraphrases have been rendered in English, the wholly impossible ones only in Italian.

Of the difficulty of rendering Martial Mr. Ker writes thus (xvii-xviii):

The terseness and vividness of Martial's style makes (*sic!*) the interpretation of particular words in readable English at times peculiarly difficult. To explain a phrase is easy, to translate it is often hard. And the commentators, even the most noted of them, often fail to bring out the point. Two instances only may be given. In an epigram . . . the poet, criticising another poet, says that his rival's epigrams were *cerusata candidiora cu'e*. Here the epithet *candidiora* has to do service, not only in comparison with the physical feature of a white-leaded skin, but also in comparison with the style of epigram, which should contain wit and gall. Again, in another epigram he speaks of the *vira quies ponti*. This, conversely put, is exactly Tennyson's "such a tide as moving seems asleep". But Tennyson has used seven words, Martial only three.

It is particularly difficult to do justice to a translator of an author who writes in so many veins, but I take the risk of doing injustice to Mr. Ker by citing his renderings of De Spectaculis Liber 3, and those of 1.30; 1.32; 1.41; 1.61.

What race is set so far, what race so barbarous, Caesar, wherefrom a spectator is not in thy city? There has come the farmer of Rhodope from Orphic Haemus, there has come too the Sarmatian fed on draughts of horses' blood, and he who quaffs at its spring the stream of first-found Nile, and he whose shore the wave of farthest Tethys beats; the Arab has sped, Sabaeans have sped, and Cilicians have here been drenched in their own saffron dew. With hair twined in a knot have come Sygambrians, and, with locks twined elsewhere, Aethiopians. Diverse sounds the speech of the peoples, yet then is it one when thou art acclaimed thy country's Father true.

Diulus has been a doctor, he is now an undertaker. He begins to put his patients to bed in his old effective way.

I do not love you, Sabidius; and I can't say why. This only I can say: I do not love you.

A wit, Caecilius, you fancy yourself. You are none, believe me. What then? A buffoon. You are just like the tramping hawker from beyond the Tiber who exchanges pale sulphur matches for broken glass; like him, who sells to the idle ring warm pease-pudding; like the keeper and owner of vipers; like the cheap slaves of the saltsellers; like the pieman, who bawls as he carries round in his warm pans smoking sausages; like a second-rate street poet; like the lewd dance-master from Gades; like the chaps of an old foul-mouthed debauchee. Wherefore cease to fancy yourself to be what you alone, Caecilius, fancy yourself, one who could surpass in wit Gabba, and even Tettius Caballus himself. Not to everyone is given a critic's nose. He who jests with a pointless impudence, is no Tettius, but a dull hack.

Verona loves the syllables of her learned bard, Mantua is blest in Maro. The land of Aponus is appraised by its Livy, and by Stella, by Flaccus no less; the flooding Nile applauds Apollodorus; Pelignians are loud in Naso's praise. The two Senecas and matchless Lucan eloquent Corduba proclaims; laughing Gades delights in her Canius, Emerita in my Decianus. Of you, Licinianus, shall our Bilbilis boast, nor of me shall she be silent.

Lastly, we may mention a translation of part of Ausonius (one volume out of two), by Professor Hugh G. Evelyn White, also in the Loeb Classical Library. There is a lengthy Introduction (vii-xliii), dealing with the Life of Ausonius (viii-xiv), The Literary Work of Ausonius (xiv-xxv), Literary Character of Ausonius (xxv-xxxiv), Textual History (xxxiv-xli), Select Bibliography (xlii-xliii). Mr. White does not rate Ausonius high as a poet. He charges him with narrowness of outlook and egotism, and characterizes him as "insensible, broadly speaking, to sentiment and unappreciative of the human sympathy which should pervade true poetry", from beginning to end rhetorical, but a master of the technique of his craft, possessed of a wide acquaintance with the letter, if not with the spirit, of his art, and an intimate knowledge of classical authors, shown by quotations or reminiscences on almost every page (xxvi-xxix). The text used as a basis of the translation is that by R. Peiper (Leipzig,

Teubner, 1886). This volume covers the pieces in Peiper, Books I-XVII, pages 1-219, as follows:

Prefatory Pieces; The Daily Round; Personal Poems; Parentalia; Poems Commemorating the Professors of Bordeaux; Epitaphs of the Heroes who took Part in the Trojan War; The Eclogues; Cupid Crucified; Bissula; The Moselle; The Order of Famous Cities; The Technopaegnon; The Masque of the Seven Sages; On the Twelve Caesars whose Lives were written by Suetonius Tranquillus; Conclusion of the Book of Annals; A Riddle of the Number Three; A Nuptial Cento.

There is room to give but one specimen of the translation, Mosella 23-47:

Salve, amnis laudate agris, laudate colonis,
dignata imperio debent cui moenia Belgae;
amnis odorifero iuga vitea consite Baccho,
consite gramineas, amnis viridissime, ripas:
naviger, ut pelagus, devexas pronus in undas,
ut fluvius, vitreoque lacus imitate profundo
et rivos trepido potis aequiperare meatu,
et liquido gelidos fontes praecellere potu;
omnia solus habes, quae fons, quae rivus et amnis
et lacus et bivio refluus manamine pontus.
Tu placidis praelapsus aquis nec murmura venti
ulla, nec occulti pateris luctamina saxi:
non spirante vado rapidos properare meatus
cogeris, extantes medio non aequore terras
interceptus habes, iusti ne demat honorem
nominis, exclusum si dividat insula flumen.
Tu duplices sortite vias, et cum amne secundo
defluis, ut celeres feriant vada concita remi,
et cum per ripas nusquam cessante remulco
intendunt collo malorum vincula nautae.
Ipse tuos quotiens miraris in amne recursus,
legitimosque putas prope segnius ire meatus?
tu neque limigenis ripam praetexteris ulvis,
nec piger inmundo perfundis litora caeno:
sicca in primores pergunt vestigia lymphas.

Hail, river, blessed by the fields, blessed by the husbandmen, to whom the Belgae owe the imperial honour which graces their city: river, whose hills are o'er-grown with Bacchus' fragrant vines, o'er-grown, river most verdant, thy banks with turf; ship-bearing as the sea, with sloping waters gliding as a river, and with thy crystal depths the peer of lakes, brooks thou canst match for hurrying flow, cool springs surpass for limpid draughts; one, thou hast all that belongs to springs, brooks, rivers, lakes, and tidal Ocean with his ebb and flow. Thou, with calm waters onward gliding, feel'st not any murmurs of the wind nor check from hidden rocks; nor by foaming shallows art thou forced to hurry on in swirling rapids, no eyots hast thou jutting in mid-stream to thwart thy course—lest the glory of thy due title be impaired, if any isle sunder and stem thy flow. For thee two modes of voyaging are appointed: this, when boats move down thy stream with current favouring and their oars thrash the churned waters at full speed; that, when along the banks, with tow-rope never slackening, the boatmen strain on their shoulders hawsters bound to the masts. Thyself how often dost thou marvel at the windings of thine own stream, and think its natural speed moves almost too slowly! Thou with no mud-grown sedge fringest thy banks, nor with foul ooze o'er-spread'st thy marge; dry is the treading down to thy water's edge.

C. K.